BUMP TALKS--NO. 3

BY. PROF. BUMPTARARA.

The old guinea whose top piece I am now investigating is a big gun in his country, I am told—Cannon by name. Stands pat, always on guard, never goes off half cocked and nobody can spike his game. Is equal to a whole troop of cavalry in a fight, and can cuss in a style that they would worship in Flanders. Has achieved a wide reputation, it is said, as speaker of the national house of representatives, but most of his speaking is done in dashes. Can tear off a speech on the tariff on short order. Believes in letting well enough alone, no matter how high prices may go.

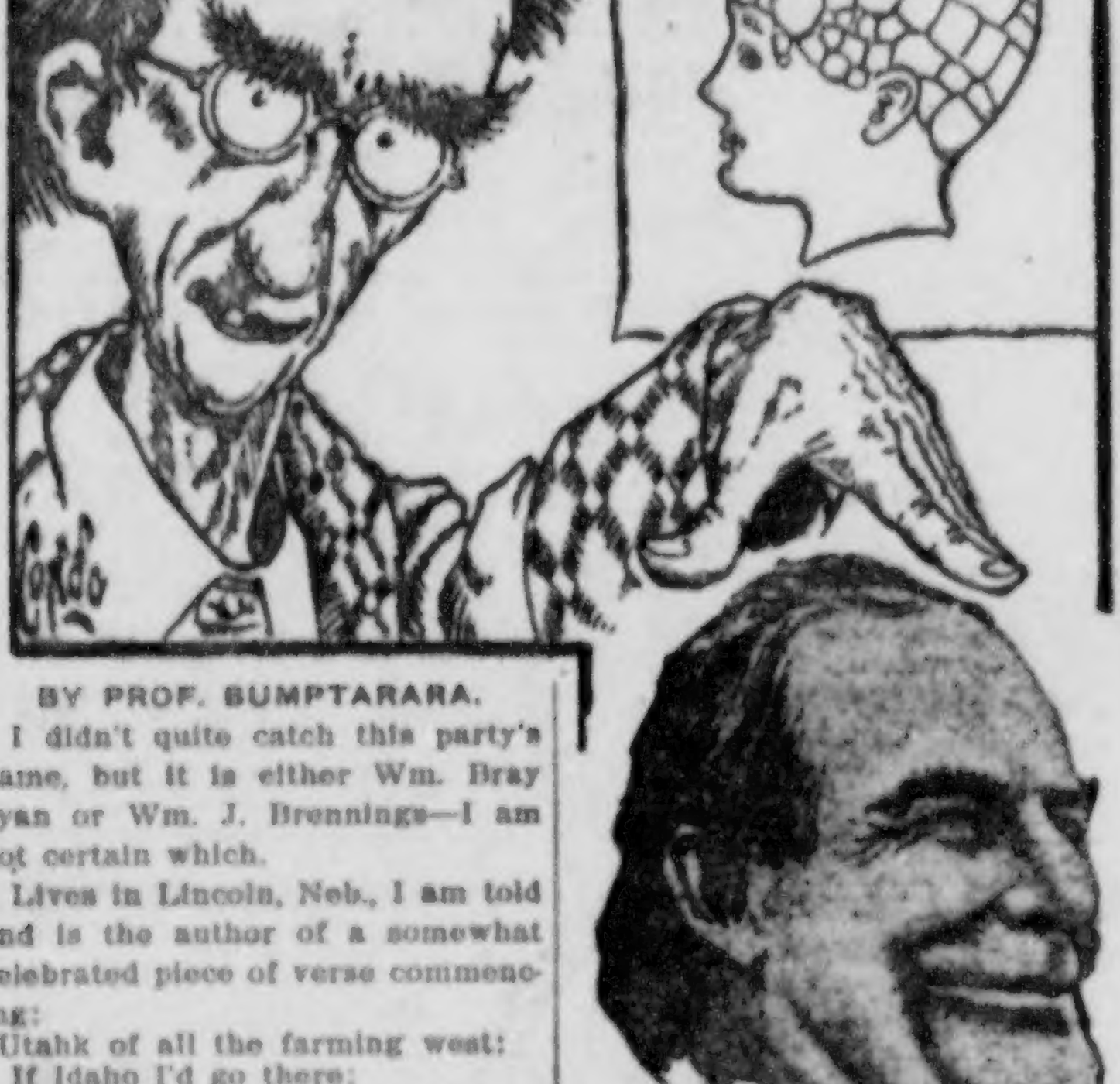
His platform is, "Let not the Republican party be false to a single trust."

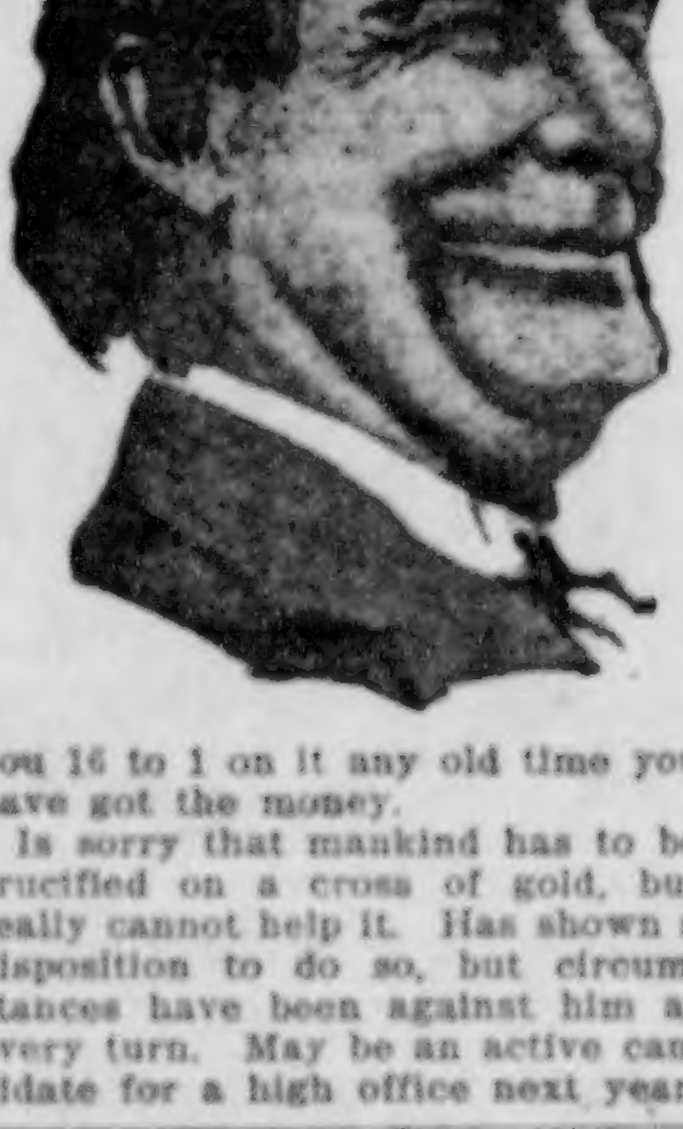
(Think that one over. The more you study it the better you will like it.)

The bumps in this case indicate that this ancient party should have been a farmer. Only by adopting such a life could he possibly have got himself closer to the people. Yet, paradoxical as it may seem, he is a grand old jollier, and his bump of self-esteem is as big as a water bucket. Resolution, remarkable. Perseverence, nil.

Has a great aversion for buttermilk, globe trotters and the strenuous life. Believes in the Big Stick and uses it as a club to keep things moving the way he wants them in congress. Seventy years old, but full of tabasco sauce. If elected president would probably say to congress, as did Artemus Ward, "Go home, you mizzerable devils, go home!" and run the country to suit himself.

BUMP TALKS--NO. 4





BY PROF. BUMPTARARA.

I didn't quite catch this party's name, but it is either Wm. Bray Jyan or Wm. J. Brennings—I am not certain which.

Lives in Lincoln, Neb., I am told and is the author of a somewhat celebrated piece of verse commencing:

"Utahk of all the farming west:
If Idaho I'd go there;
I'd Nebraska better chance,
If once I had a show there.
Sho, there!"

His bump of talk indicates that he is somewhat of an orator. In fact, I infer from the size of this bump that it has been frequently used, if not overworked. It is so large, in fact, as to appear abnormal. Is said to have a talking record of 400,000 words a day. Is said to have been born with a dictionary in one hand and lead pencil in the other.

This party is naturally optimistic and believes that every cloud has a silver lining. In fact, so firm is he in this belief that he will bet you 16 to 1 on it any old time you have got the money.

Is sorry that mankind has to be crucified on a cross of gold, but really cannot help it. Has shown a disposition to do so, but circumstances have been against him at every turn. May be an active candidate for a high office next year.

BUMP TALKS--NO. 8

By Prof. Bumptarara.

Here is an open-faced cranium, this of Eugene V. Debs—no hair to deceive the eye or confuse the beholder. There are strong traces of a literary bent in the curvature of the conk, which proves that he is a native of Indianny. Hence also his resemblance to Jim Whitcomb Riley. Apologies are due both gentlemen.

The general trend of Mr. Debs' faculties are controversial. He will argue at the drop of the hat, especially if you kick the hat. He was born to be a leader, and as such frequently outdistances his trailers. He stands up for his principles, and jumps up and down on the principles of the other fellow. When not engaged in talking he is lecturing, and when not lecturing he is tell-'ng all about it. He has bumped the railroads, and has them on his list—Socia-list, ha, ha, ha!

BUMP TALKS--NO. 9

By PROF. BUMPTARARA.

Ah-h-h-h! Here we have a very profound pecan ornamented with wind teasers on the lower maxillary. In Chas. E. Hughes I discern a man of convictions, but so far he has been sent up only once, and that for a term as governor of New York. If he keeps up his clip he will get time off for good behavior. His bump of sublimity indicates that he is willing to be a martyr to presidential aspirations, and there is a sharp rising which I can feel on his noodle that answers the description of a lightning rod of one year's growth. Being tall, he will not have to reach far after the presidential lightning that coyly quivers in the circumambient atmosphere.

Mr. Hughes' faculty of Interrogativeness (here boy, a glass of water after that long one), I say, his bump of Inter-etc. is so well developed as to resemble a tusk, and there are still shreds of life insurance companies clinging to it.

His other faculties are well balanced by his whiskers, and, the latter being abundant, this speaks a lot for the former.

BUMP TALKS---NO. 11

By PROF. BUMPTARARA.

Fondling the crust of this reverend gentleman, I find it all to the ple-ous. The topography, moreover, is very arid—not an oasis on it. That is because the gentleman is rich in "dry" wit. Why they named him Silas C. Swallow is one of the ironies of nomenclature. He does not drink and does not want anyone else to drink. He does not even believe in baptism by immersion, being a Methodist. I find his bump of Methodism all to the protuberant.

Altogether, I am favorably impressed with the conformation of the gentleman's mountainous area. It forms a very graceful watershed. There is nothing extreme about it, being neither a case of swelled head nor narrow-minded, preserving, as it were, a happy mien. As nominee for president on the Prohibition ticket, he has amassed several severe dents in it, none of which, however, have seriously affected the contents, or cerebrum. All the dents will yield to treatment by an accomplished dentist.

Likes to show up people, but never officiated in the capacity of an usher.